

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 16, 1907.

No. 19.

Behind the Clouds.

GEORGE FINNIGAN.

THE setting sun has robbed the earth of light,
And evening's shades o'ercast a world forlorn.
Where blew fresh breezes stifling winds are born;
O'er earth there falls the awful dark of night.
The day's bright hopes, though few, have taken flight;
Yet lights of love the careless world adorn.
With eager gaze it looks toward coming morn,
Nor says it, "Day will not be fair and bright."

So when the lights of cheer have from us gone,
And gloomy clouds o'erhang our dismal way,
When cold rebukes our brightest promise sting,
We'll not despair, but ever watch for dawn.
The darker night calls forth the brighter day;
The colder winter brings the fairer spring.

The "Man With the Hoe."

[MILLET—MARKHAM.]

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.

PEASANT life has had many interpreters. It is a subject that easily lends itself to the imagination, and those may always be found who take pleasure in the company of the lowly. It is an interesting as well as a delightful study for the poet and painter to observe and portray the peasant of to-day and yesterday, who labors in the field in the sweat of his brow as did the first peasant who followed the dictates of God's justice.

Poets of all times have found in the

subject themes for many poems. Those who were first to give their thoughts to posterity wrote of the common life of their day—the peasant life—and threw around it a sacredness and a nobleness which enlightened ages have ever conceded to it.

Blest work! if ever thou wert curse of God,
What must His blessing be!

Pastoral poetry has something of that undefinable attraction for artists who, from the greatest to the least of them, have ever given honor to the toiler in the field.

For painters, too, it has been a pleasure to picture rural scenes and landscapes enlivened by human life; but here again it is nothing more than the true poet touching truth and beauty with imagination. In these later times especially have nature and the common realities of life become favorite subjects for the poetic artist. Among the representatives of the schools who have consecrated their best talent to this transcription of nature as presented in rural life, Jean Francois Millet is deservedly rated high, because he, better than any of his contemporaries, has shown in peasant life the honorableness of honest toil and humble submission to its duties. It is his conception of nature's workman in the fields, as shown in his paintings, that I purpose to treat of in these paragraphs.

Millet (1814-1875) was himself a peasant, and most of his life was spent among the toilers in the field where he bore the burden of the day and felt intensely the nature of their life. He knew the peasant's lot thoroughly and he loved it. His life in Paris was a continuous longing for the home of his youth, for nature and its beauties. He used to walk through the fields and forests, study and sketch life and

nature together as he found them, and from these hurried outlines many of his best pictures have been produced. With all this study added to his empirical knowledge, Millet of all artists, one would think, should be qualified to speak with authority on peasant life. An artist, who has lived and suffered the hardships of the toiler, as Millet has done, is able to interpret the condition of the workman with a suggestiveness, a nicety of detail, a fineness of truth, wholly out of reach of the painter who has not lived the peasant's life. In Millet's paintings every line has a meaning, every stroke a thought. When, for example, we look out into the dim, sultry sky, portrayed in the "Man with the Hoe," and over the untilled and rugged aspect of the ground in the picture, we can almost feel the sensation of melancholy coming upon us. With our eyes we consider the canvas only and see the visible man; but our minds look in beyond the form in search of the man invisible. The careless dress, the aching stoop, the bracing arms, the furrowed cheek and hanging jaw, the unkempt hair, cloudy eyes, and low, receding forehead,—all are expressions merely in that wonderful story. Somewhat is told by each of them, which helps to give us that full idea of an inner man. No matter how slight or small each in itself may be, they are all accessories to the whole; they are the avenues through which we reach the centre of the thought, and that centre is the inner, spiritual man, the mass of faculties and feelings which guide his life.

It is not surprising that Millet should have been misunderstood in his own day because his line of work was novel, and such treatment as he gave to common life was in advance of his time. The minds of the French people did not understand him. His work was too real and natural, even to the point where it became repulsive to the higher class. Frequently during his lifetime outbursts were heard against him, and he was branded a socialist and accused of trying to agitate the peasants against the wealthier classes. Further from Millet's mind no thought had ever been, and France has long since confessed her sin and sought to bring Millet's works home again, if in some degree she may thus make redress for

the coldness with which she treated the artist in his lifetime.

Edwin Markham, in his wonderful piece of analytic rhetoric, has set forth the sentiment which he found in Millet's "Man with the Hoe." Nothing is more clear and expressive than Markham's poem, but when we read it we are impressed with the idea that the poet is an enthusiastic socialist, and that he draws a socialistic argument from the unhappy condition of the man before him. He again, as the painter's French critics, would have us believe that this was the general type of peasant in France, as Millet knew him, and he becomes on fire to see him so down-trodden. For him there is no more dreadful object on earth than this brute form:

Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf,
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind
 greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

But admitting that this man is

A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,
and all else that Markham says he is, we pause a moment when he asks if this be

The thing the Lord God made and gave,
To have dominion over sea and land.

Markham labors under the delusion that Millet meant the "Man with the Hoe" to picture the general state of the peasantry; but Millet had no such intention, neither did the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands" so interpret his work. They will never try to "straighten up that shape" nor "touch it again with immortality." They will never attempt to "give back that upward looking and the light" nor "make right the immemorial infamies," etc., as Markham thinks they should. Yet admitting that the painting shows all that the poet reads out of it, and that it lacks all that he says it should have, Millet might reply that Markham's interpretation reflects his own conception, but that this painting represents a particular instance and not the general condition of the peasant class. He never intended this canvas to picture that happiness and heavenly contentment which is the normal lot of the peasant, but, on

the contrary, it was to present a tragedy; a tragedy which needs no words to explain it—a glance or a study reveals it all. Those planted feet and hands braced strong against the hoe give balance to the form and prop the heavy back and shoulders in the sun. Love, hope, and happiness have gone from the weary eyes, and in their stead look out dejection and despair, producing total indifference to all the world. This being sees no beauty in the flower, nor grandeur in the setting sun; he hears no music in the twitter of the birds about him, nor harmony in nature's song.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades,
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?

He has no friend and knows not God; he seems to have no thought at all of heaven or earth, but looks forever down upon the barren clay and rocks around him. He is "a brother to the ox." He is the hundredth peasant that Millet met in the fields and painted, because the man in such straits proved a subject full of greater artistic possibilities than most of the other ninety-nine.

Millet's true peasants of everyday life are found in the "Angelus," the "Sower," the "Gleaners," the "Sheep Shearers" and others. The aim which prompted him in nearly all his pictures was the delineation of character and position in life. It was, as he himself said, "to discover in each person the essential character, and once having discovered it to pursue, and never cease to pursue it, to manifest it in costume, in attitude, in gesture, by feature and by expression."

In the "Angelus," which I have chosen as an example in contrast with the "Man with the Hoe," Millet says that he wants to make people "hear the tones of the Angelus bell." And how well he has succeeded in putting that spirit into the canvas—the very atmosphere speaks of worship. How intensely touching are the strains in which, in this picture, he tells us of the noble submission of the peasant's lot in contrast to the unending toil and melancholy solitude of the slave in the "Man with the Hoe."

In one of his letters to his trusted friend Sensier, in which he defends his line of work, Millet gives us the motive which influenced all his paintings, as well as a justification for the existence of the "Man with the Hoe." He says, "There are some who tell me that I deny the charms of the country, but I find in it something far higher than charms—I find infinite glories. I can see in it, as well as they, the little flowers of which the Saviour said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. I see very well the golden aureoles of the dandelions and the sun also which spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds; but I see, as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at the plow, and in a rocky place a back-broken man (I have been listening to his haws! since the morning) painfully trying to raise himself upright for a moment to breathe. The tragedy is surrounded by glories,—it is no invention of mine—the expression *le cri de la terre* was invented long ago."

In these few words the painter has given us a picture of the scene which inspired him to paint the "Man with the Hoe." He professes that he sees the common beauties and attractions of life in the fields, and more too,—he sees in the exceptional and uncommon, possibilities for the artist which others did not conceive. In the light of this explanation by Millet, one may admit that Markham's interpretation of the "Man with the Hoe" is quite accurate as well as sublimely oratorical, and then point to the "Angelus" for the presentation of what that painting lacks.

In the "Angelus" we have the "Man with the Hoe," but we have more; we have that body filled with intense and noble life, working with a purpose toward the future. Every line in the face, the position of the hands, the inclination of the head, all speak of humble happiness and peace. The finish of detail—the serene calmness of the western sky, the fading outlines of the distant church tower and the floods of music visible that fill the intervening space, the simple dress, the hovering birds, God's messengers of peace—gives this picture a richness of meaning and opens to us a vista which is very different from the one that is disclosed in the "Man with the Hoe." No thought

goes upward from the slave in his labor, but we can easily conceive the peasant's in the "Angelus" looking straight into heaven, though their eyes seem bent to earth, and saying with the poet-plowman:

O Thou who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want,
We bless Thee, God of nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent;
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted, or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!

In this painting we see a heart and soul that loves, and hopes, and feels the music and the beauty of the universe. Here is man now straightened up and touched with immortality. This is the peasant life as Millet knew it, and lived it, and felt it; this is truth, it is beauty, it is art. But it was not until the poet conceived such nobleness of peasant life and so sublimely expressed it, that the thought, the conception of such heroic simplicity appealed universally to humanity. The circumstances which surround his work may have been commonplace, the conditions ordinary, and the Angelus may even have been thus said by many toilers at their work, but when that idea received the touch of Millet's brush there was a sacredness and an almost heavenly atmosphere thrown about the scene.

This then is the true peasant as he existed in Millet's mind. Here, as in the "Sower," the "Sheep Shearers" and others we see the nobleness and beauty of peasant life, the gratitude and contentment of the lowly when soul and body are intimately united in prayer. Here the earthly clasps hands with the heavenly, and, while the church bell in the distance rings out the Angelus, the humble toilers bow down their heads for a moment in their work and remember the Lord who gave them what they have. Here is the handiwork we give to God.

This is the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power
To feel the passion of eternity.

"THE world of truth is boundless, and the earnest seeker may always hope to find therein new and precious things."

Varsity Verse.

MY BOOK.

I LOVE a cool and shady nook
With but a book—
And there to sit beside a stream,
To think and dream.

To while the lazy hours of time
With friends sublime;
The woods, the streams, the flowers fair
That scent the air.

That grand, that hidden solitude,
Where none intrude
Save I alone; where birds in glee
Sing, happily.

'Tis there midst joyous Nature's show
I love to go
To read and learn in that fair nook
From Nature's book.

O. A. S.

THE COLLAR BUTTON.

You're small, but oh! you are a tease,
And oftentimes upon my knees
I've crawled to you;

I've grovelled to you on the floor,
I've bumped my head, and "cussed" and swore;
I've bawled for you.

Oft under furniture I've crept,
In places that had not been swept,
To feel for you.

What girls could never make me do,
How often have I done for you?
Just kneel to you.

O little thing of shining gold,
One half your faults have not been told,
But I no more will flout you;

Though you a nuisance we regard,
The world would find it very hard
To get along without you.

E. B.

BUDDY.

There was a young girl they called "Buddy,"
Whose slang was extensive and ruddy,
While she could use her tongue
Her brain was unslung,
For "Duddy" Miss "Buddy" did study.

W. H. M.

A baseball team went to Toulouse
Near Winne, all aboard a Caboose.
Asked a man, with a grin,
"Are you going to win?"
"Not to Winne," said the Cap., "but Toulouse!"

G. J. L.

LORENA.

There was a young girl named Miss Bryant,
As tall as an eight-footed giant.
She was caught in a flood,
But was rescued by "Dud,"
The pliant reliant Miss Bryant.

W. H. M.

The Negative.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN.

It was about four p. m. on a day in September and class was over at the London School of Science. The great doors were thrown open and hundreds of students poured out glad to be free once more after an afternoon of hard study. Usually many stopped in the park before the college to discuss class affairs or to engage in friendly converse; but on this afternoon as they came out they glanced at the sky and then hurried away lest they be caught in the approaching storm.

About an hour later two young men who had been doing some special work, came out of the college and walked through the park into the avenue. They were brothers, Carl and Franz Van Linden, and were known to all the students as the hardest workers in the college. As they walked away one could see by their gestures that they were discussing something. Just as they entered the street Franz, the younger, was saying:

"Don't you see, Carl, that we ought to succeed better than we do with our instrument? Prof. Caldwell says we ought, and besides he has promised to buy the negatives at a good price, if they come out well. Don't you think we need the money?"

"Undoubtedly we do, but we have tried so many times and failed that I don't look for good results any longer. Anyway, I think there is but one negative left, and we can not buy more just now."

"No," answered Franz, "I don't think we can buy more now, but let us try the one we have. Why!" he added very seriously, "there was a man once in Germany that sold one of these negatives for one thousand dollars."

Carl laughed and then taking his younger brother by the arm said:

"All right, we'll try again, right away to-night, for it must storm before long. You shall expose the plate and develop it so that there can be no fault found with the man doing the work. Of course when you sell it I come in for five hundred."

Franz smiled, and then grew serious for he was an earnest little chap.

"You'll see if we don't succeed," he said.

As he spoke these words they passed in front of a beautiful rough-stone mansion, and entering a gate some few rods farther on passed into a small yard up the walk and into their home.

The room they entered was neat but not luxurious. It served as a drawing-room and library. Several cases of books, a few well-worked paintings, some heavy chairs and an antique table made of different kinds of wood completed its furniture. A fire burned in the grate near which sat a middle-aged woman reading. As the boys entered she closed her book and came forward to meet them looking very slight at the side of Carl. This was Mrs. Van Linden, the boys' mother. She was all they had, and they regarded their "little mother" as one might regard a precious trust.

A few years before the Van Lindens had been one of London's most wealthy and most influential families, for Mr. Van Linden was the greatest physicist in all England. Educated at Heidelberg he had moved to London with his wife and two little sons, and there in a few years had gained wealth and honor for himself and family. He was very enthusiastic about his work, and very early taught his boys to love scientific study. They took to it so readily that when they were still very young there could be no doubt as to what their future career would be. Mr. Van Linden was a kind father and husband, but he had one fault and that was a rashness in expending money on new scientific experiments. In this way he spent large sums, and when he did not receive the desired results he expended again and again gradually using up his wealth. He never mentioned these things to his family because he expected to be able to redeem his losses.

About the time when the Van Linden wealth was nearly exhausted, Mr. Van Linden was killed in a railroad wreck. This was a heavy blow to his family, but when they found that their fortune too was all but gone, the burden was very hard to bear. Their splendid mansion had to be abandoned, and they looked around for a small house. In this they were very

fortunate. An old and sincere friend, Wright by name, a ship-owner had a neat little house within a few rods of his own beautiful stone dwelling. This, he would gladly have given to Mrs. Van Linden, but she refused to accept it without some return. Accordingly, Mr. Wright sold the house for a small sum. He was very kind to the boys, and his wife was very friendly towards Mrs. Van Linden, taking her for pleasant drives and visiting her often. Mr. Wright was fond of horses, and being very wealthy had purchased an Arabian steed, worth fifty thousand dollars, which he drove occasionally in company with the boys. Every one admired Mr. Wright's horse; indeed it would have been hard not to, and everyone admired and respected Mr. Wright, except one disappointed employee whom he had been obliged to discharge and who had threatened to harm him.

In spite of the kindness of the Wrights, the change told very heavily on Mrs. Van Linden, especially when she saw herself deserted by friends she had thought sincere; but she was a brave woman and after her first big disappointment she resolved to be contented with her lot, and to use her humble income in giving her two boys the best possible scientific education. Within a few blocks was the renowned London School of Science and to this the boys went. All their dreams of a completed course at Heidelberg seemed at an end, but they were still hopeful and worked hard, thinking that at some future time they might attain to this, their greatest desire.

When not at class Franz and Carl spent their time at home studying the precious volumes left by their father or experimenting with the wonderful camera that he himself had made. The Van Lindens prized this instrument above all other possessions, and rightly too, for it had not its mate in all Europe. Mr. Van Linden had spent hundreds of dollars in its construction. Its chief value lay in its exquisite lenses. These were very finely made and especially adapted for taking pictures by the lightning flashes during a storm. A German scientist had offered a big sum for the camera, but the Van Lindens refused to sell it. The boys had experimented with it several times, but had been unable to obtain any good results,

and it was for making another trial that Franz endeavored to persuade Carl as they returned home that September evening.

Immediately after dinner they set about preparing the camera, for this was no small work holding, as it did, a plate of about twenty by twenty-five inches. As it had not been used for several months the boys cleaned it entirely, taking great care to polish the lenses. This took some time, so that it was not until about ten o'clock that the camera was set up in a window of the first floor facing Mr. Wright's residence.

During the preparation Franz dwelt at length on the possibility of obtaining a good price for the negative and Carl agreed to all he said, for he liked to please his younger brother, though he himself expected no better results than before.

As they finished adjusting the tripod Carl said:

"It looks as though we were going to be disappointed. Perhaps the storm has passed over. It hasn't rained a drop—"

He broke off, for at that moment some raindrops pattered on the window and the distant roar of thunder told them that the expected storm was coming. The wind rose, the rain came down faster and occasionally the sky was lit up by bright flashes of lightning. The storm increased in fury until in a half hour it was at its height. The quick flashes of lightning were changed to frightful zigzag chains that darted across the whole heavens; the rain beat down in torrents, and the trees were swung back and forth against the house. The boys had never remembered such a storm.

They turned out the light and took their stand. Franz near the camera and Carl ready to throw open the window.

"Are you ready, Carl?"

"You're doing the work," answered the elder brother, "just give the signal and I'll open the window."

Franz took out the slide and said: "All right, Carl." Carl opened the window. At that moment there was a frightful play of lightning and for an instant the darkness was turned into dazzling brightness, then all became black again.

"My! that was a wonderful flash," cried Franz as he replaced the slide and Carl

lowered the window. "It can not help being a success: but didn't you hear a sound as if some people were walking out in the yard? I thought I did just as you opened the window."

"I heard a sound," answered Carl, "but I think it was only that big tree hitting against Mr. Wright's barn. If we know how to run the machine at all that certainly should be a great negative. However it's too late to develop it to-night, and I am in no particular hurry about my five hundred."

"It is easy to make fun," said Franz, "but you know that it would only take five thousand dollars to give us a course at Heidelberg."

"That's all it would take," agreed Carl as they went upstairs, "and perhaps some day we shall see that amount." He admired the earnestness of his younger brother.

The boys were in very good spirits next morning as they left home for class. Franz was talking about the prospects of the yet undeveloped plate and Carl was gradually entering into his views, when all thoughts of cameras were driven from their heads by the news, given them by Mr. Wright's stable-boy, that the Arabian horse had been stolen. Mr. Wright was frantic; detectives had been sent out and a reward of five thousand dollars had been offered for information concerning the horse.

This was indeed bad news and the boys felt it keenly, for Mr. Wright was their best friend. However, they realized their inability to give any assistance, so after informing their mother of the loss, walked quickly on to class.

Franz became suddenly very quiet as they neared the school and Carl thought he acted peculiarly, but did not say anything. Class began, but Franz, who always gave the greatest attention to his work, this morning was restless and inattentive. At last he arose, and having obtained permission, left the school and hurried home. Entering the house unseen he sprang up the stairs to the dark room. Closing the door carefully he turned on the ruby light and took the precious negative from the holder, placing it in a tray. The developer was carefully poured over it, and Franz waited almost breathlessly. Soon his eyes

lighted up, for the dim outlines of a house appeared on the plate. The picture had proved a success. Franz was overjoyed, but still he was not satisfied, and he bent intently over the tray as if expecting to find something more. Suddenly his gaze was riveted on one spot, he looked closer and a shout of joy escaped him. He slipped the negative into the Hypo tray and rushed from the room to meet his mother and Carl who had hurried up at his shout, Carl having returned home early, thinking his brother was ill.

"I told you! I told you!" shouted Franz, "we'll sell it, not for one thousand dollars but for five thousand. Hurrah for Heidelberg!"

"What do you mean," demanded Carl, not knowing what to think of Franz. But Franz had disappeared. He rushed into the dark room and returned in a moment with the dripping negative.

"Look," he cried, leading them to the window and holding it up, "the Arabian horse!" They both gazed in amazement. In the centre of the plate was the perfect image of a man leading the Arabian horse.

Mr. Wright was happy once more when made acquainted with the discovery. That afternoon the picture was printed and the man leading the horse proved to be Mr. Wright's disappointed employee.

Within a few hours the Arabian steed was safely back in the stable and that evening young Franz placed before his mother a check for five thousand dollars. As he did so he said to Carl: "Would you like your five hundred now?"

Burial at Sea.

ROBERT A. KASPER, '07.

The vast majority of people, accustomed as they are to lengthy and drawn-out funerals, to floral decorations of various shapes and sizes, which are placed upon the grave of the deceased as the final token of esteem, friendship and love, look upon a burial at sea as a sad fate, and only because it is so unlike the method of burial to which they have become accustomed.

The captain of an ocean liner will give you an altogether different view. He is generally a man who has been on the water many years, gradually working himself up to the high position he holds, and hence in his many travels he has become accustomed to burial at sea. Should you speak to him and give as your opinion that burial at sea is pitiful, he will quite naturally reply that it is the grandest funeral of all. The entire ocean is the grave, and the body always remains fresh and as well preserved as it was the day it was put overboard. There is no creeping and crawling and feasting of worms or insects or germs upon the body, no outward or inward force to cause it to decay, hence it is forever preserved by the water which tosses it here and there in that large and vast depth.

But those who are so unfortunate as to die upon the ocean can have the land burial, the large funeral, the floral decorations should they have expressed that wish ere their death, or should relatives or friends wish to take the body to port, the only requisite being the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, to pay the cost of a metallic coffin and the expense of embalming.

One who has witnessed a burial at sea, knows that it is not only a grewsome and weird sight but a grand one as well. But few people are privileged to witness a burial at sea, even of those who happen to be on the boat when the burial occurs, for the captain has strict orders to allow none of the passengers to witness it. But the captain can not be an unpopular man, for his position in a way depends upon his popularity among the passengers, since he can either make the trip enjoyable or unenjoyable, hence he will not forcibly eject people who may be desirous to witness the burial, but he prefers to employ strategy. He issues many false orders as to the time of the burial, knowing that the minor officers will, for a little compensation, tell this to the passengers who may ask them; and in this way the passengers may decide that two or three in the morning is a long way off, and will, in the majority of cases, prefer to get their sleep; but no sooner are they departed for their cabin than the burial takes place. Or the captain may

circulate the report that the burial has already taken place, whereupon non-persistent or unsuspicious people will retire, taking the captain's word for it. But those who know these things just wait, and their waiting is rewarded, for they witness the burial. One may judge approximately when the burial will take place, since the body must be kept on board twenty-four hours. The time of the burial usually is about one o'clock in the morning, but this time varies.

The coffin used is an ordinary wooden box with holes from a half to a quarter of an inch in diameter bored in the sides, the top, the bottom and in the ends, in fact, the entire box is one mass of holes, they being about an inch or two apart. The purpose of these holes is to allow the water to enter the box, not only to aid it in sinking to the middle of the ocean where bodies always float, but also because a solid box would eventually be filled with water, and as a consequence would burst open, since the water must escape again. With the water running in and out continually, however, there is no warping nor bursting open of the box.

About four pieces of iron are placed in the bottom of the box, and the body on top of these. The purpose of the iron, as anyone would surmise, is to help to sink the body. These weights are just heavy enough to bring the body about half way to the bottom of the ocean, and it never sinks any deeper, but floats about here and there. Services are held over the body at which the captain and doctor attend, the captain reading the service. Two strong ropes are passed around the coffin which is let down little by little until it reaches the surface of the water. Just as it touches, one end of each rope is let go, the propeller of the boat is stopped, the boat is swung outward in order to prevent the coffin from catching, and the coffin slips into the water. The immense waves which the swinging outward of the boat creates keep the coffin afloat for a few moments; but gradually as these waves subside and as the water finally enters, the perforated box is swallowed by the vast deep. The propeller is again started, the boat assumes its right course, and the funeral is over.

The Price of Peace.

ROBERT SALEY, '08.

"Won't you buy me that Darracq roadster to-day?" This was the greeting that "dad" always got with his morning kiss.

"I really don't like the idea of your having a car, Edith. Aren't you and the pony getting along all right? I'm afraid if you get a Darracq that some fine day I'll be called home to find my darling daughter—"

"I don't guess you love your kid any more," was the invariable answer and then followed a kiss of repentance to show that the words were not meant; for Edith knew that her father did love her, but that was not the question. The question was whether she was to have a Darracq roadster or not.

Bruce Marsh had started Edith on her career as an automobilist. According to Edith, Bruce was a "mighty fine fellow" with a "dandy" car, and as Bruce thought that Edith was a "mighty fine girl," it happened that Edith, Bruce and the car were almost constant companions. But one day came the inevitable lovers' quarrel, a quarrel that could not be settled by arbitration.

A few days later, while Edith was riding down the boulevard on her pony, a big red car tore past. It was Bruce's Winton and in the seat which had so often held Edith sat Jessie Easterly. The car had passed in a flash; and neither Bruce nor Jessie had even noticed her. That settled it. "I'll show them, I'll show that Easterly girl—I'll show Bruce that I can get along without his old Winton! I'll have 'dad' get me a Darracq, and then we'll see, Mr. Bruce, how often you'll pass me on the road."

The next morning with the morning kiss came the question:

"Will you get me a Darracq roadster, 'dad'?"

"Well I don't know, Edith, but I'll think it over."

Edith's father had a natural aversion for automobiles. Somehow or other every time

he smelt the burning gasoline, or heard the "honk-honk" of the horn, or saw the two bright lamps glaring at him in the darkness, it brought to his mind unpleasant thoughts of fire and brimstone and of living devils. But being a loving father "dad" inquired about Darracq roadsters that day, and when he heard "A fine car, Mr. Patton, fifty-horse power and guaranteed to do sixty miles an hour, he exclaimed: "Great heavens!" and into "dad's" mind came horrible vivid pictures of ambulances, doctors, plaster casts, bandages, iodiform, broken necks and funerals.

After "dad" knew what a Darracq roadster really was he was most lavish in his offers of gifts to his daughter. Would Edith like that large diamond that Smith and White are showing this week? No. Would she like to take a trip to Europe? No. Would she like a span of horses? No. Would she like a Pope-Waverly electric runabout? No. Why? Electrics are "too awful" slow. And so it was. Darracq, Darracq, nothing but a Darracq would do, and whenever the subject came up—and that was every morning—"dad" always promised to "think it over." "Dad" kept thinking it over until—

The Pattons were taking a short outing at Lake Green. Mrs. Patton was resting; "dad" was having a vacation; Edith was having a "jolly good time." Now it is wrong to tell any more; for "dad" has already been punished; but if you promise not to tell—one night Edith strolled around to the dark corner of the hotel piazza and ran right into "dad"—and a woman, and the woman wasn't Mrs. Patton either, and—horrors—"dad" was holding the woman's hand.

"Why, dad!" exclaimed Edith trembling with indignation.

Very coolly "dad" pulled his daughter down on his lap and whispered into her ear. Before he had time to finish, Edith threw her arms about his neck and kissed him once, twice, a dozen times.

"Oh, dad, you're a dear! I'll call it the 'Black Mail.'"

"WHEN the struggle and the strife have died away, it is always plain that the true patriots were not the partisans."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, February 16, 1907.

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—The city of Omaha, and indeed the whole country, was bowed in grief last week when the telegraph flashed over the world news of the death of Count John E. Creighton. That this man

Count John E. Creighton. was the founder of a great fortune was the least of his claims to attention, for many others have done this thing without winning either the love or the admiration of their kind. The reason why strong men were bowed in grief when Count Creighton died was that he gave to the world, and especially to men of Catholic faith, a great example of how a fortune should be used. He believed himself to be a trustee under Divine Providence. No worthy cause ever appealed to him in vain, and the public and private charities which he assisted are a legion. That he understood the needs of Catholic education, as well as the needs of Catholic charities, proves that he was a man in a million. For this alone he deserved the Lætare Medal, which Notre Dame bestowed upon him, and now that he is gone, she wishes to lay a laurel upon his grave. God grant that the happiness which came to him in

life, the honor shown him in death, and the multitude of grateful prayers that must be offered for him after death, may inspire other wealthy laymen to do as he did. May he rest in peace!

—The picking of the teams that are to represent Notre Dame in the debates with Iowa and Purdue takes place this evening at 7.30 o'clock in Washington Hall.

The All the members of last year's Debates teams, with the exception of Mr. Hagerty, will appear in the contest and a spirited debate is expected. Owing, however, to the shortness of time before the Iowa debate it was impossible for the contestants to draw places and change sides after last preliminaries, hence there are six men supporting the affirmative side and only two the negative. It seems very uneven to have six men against two, especially in rebuttal, but the best had to be made of an unfortunate circumstance. It is immaterial, however, which of the eight secures first place, since any of the speakers is representative of the school.

—Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock the Forty Hours' Devotion closed in Sacred Heart Church. The altar was ornamented with numberless golden candlesticks from which blazed myriads of lights, and as the long procession moved through the aisles the fragrance of flowers filled the church. Everything was bright and devotional, the priests were robed in the richest vestments and a thousand voices sang the strains of the *Pange Lingua*. Wednesday, however, when the students assembled for Mass the scene had changed and penitential shadows had fallen over all. The altar was stripped of its splendor, and the priest clothed in purple garb reminded the people of the season upon which they were entering. How many of us clenched his fist and wrinkled his brow declaring he would follow out this or that resolution to the end. After all, we reasoned, it's only a short forty days and I know I can go through it. Four days have now passed and some of us are already beginning to grow weak. Don't give up, stick by your resolution till Easter.

These last Days of the Opera.

To persons who have not denied themselves the fascination of connecting new things with old, the Lenten respite will afford a most delightful opportunity to pause over the past, and prophesy the future of the Opera. Writers on the modern drama in any of its forms, moralists, and men solicitous for the public well-being in general, will very likely chastise the imitative arts this year with more than ordinary severity. The reason for this hostile animus toward things theatrical is due to the joint work of the unfortunate Oscar Wilde and the notorious Richard Strauss, whose production, "Salome," is now discussed the country over. It has given rise to a storm of criticism and protest which shows no signs of shortly abating. I shall present the opinion of two critics touching the nature of "Salome" that are quoted by Mr. Chilton in the current number of *The Independent*. Dr. Schmidt writes:

"The perverse sensual nature of the poet prompted him to utilize the act of his heroine and to cater to the taste of the decadent times. A text like that of 'Salome' has nothing in common with the art of music, but opposes its whole nature, and even the greatest composer could only give it an external decoration." The times may be decadent, but the moral taste of America is not so bad as has been believed. It may come in the nature of a surprise to many, but there is a limit beyond which productions placed before the public of this country for their study, pleasure or improvement, may not go without protest, and the limit seems to have been passed this season.

E. E. Taubert (*Post*) writes: "I took home with me the impression that the feeling of abhorrence which Oscar Wilde's drama with its perverse concupiscence arouses in every healthy and natural person is materially increased by Strauss' music. "Salome" is a vain being, who, conscious of the fact that every man who crosses her path falls a prey to her charms, from pure ennui throws herself at the prophet Jochanaan; rejected by him she becomes a murderous beast." Is it possible for us to be present at a most disgusting performance and watch the movements of a "murderous beast?" It can not be said that the duty of the arts is to depict animalism. We have long considered it true that no one can write what is not in him, and the man who started out to experience every sensation he could possibly experience is not the man we should choose as a private tutor to lead us to a higher and more refined life. In our common everyday life we are conscious of the struggle

for wealth, and one of the greatest charms that art exerts over us is the absence of this strife. To contend for riches is a necessary but disagreeable fact of life, and that art can not please which is used as an end for the acquirement of money, and Richard Strauss has said that he has come to care nothing for art. It is only natural that art lovers should reject a work which has not been made in the interests of art.

Now that "Salome" has been taken off the stage—over which action the whole country has occasion to rejoice—it must be borne in mind that "Salome" is not a new species of art. Critics generally have hauled it mercilessly over the coals. Some—and a Chicago professor among them—have tried to justify it on art principles, but the greater number have seen in it nothing but a libel on the moral sense of our country. "Salome" is only the carrying out of what Ruskin called the devil's motto, "Art for art's sake." Assuredly it was no other than the logical sequence of this principle that sanctioned its introduction into New York. It is a truism to state that the end of art is "delightful teaching." It was, however, owing to the fact that the manager of the theatre overlooked the evident business of the opera that "Salome" ever appeared on the boards. The indecent production of Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss will never, it should be hoped, afford delightful teaching. "Salome" may help to spread immorality; but to teach as a work of art can in no wise be expected from such an abortive creation.

The artist does not deal with the abnormal; he sometimes deals with the commonplace, but always in an elevated manner. He appreciates the truth that a work of art is a work for society; for what would art be were there no minds to pour it into? It is to be presumed that every artist has a valuable lesson to communicate and that he employs the medium best suited to interpret his meaning. In the instance before us when the managers examined the opera they surely must not have had deeply at heart the best interests of the public. They disregarded the teaching of the performance, and saw in it only that species of art which obtains at present in the "Comic" Opera.

A merry jingle of words and music which attracts attention only by the start it gives us when the cymbal is pounded or the sudden burst of the bass horns is made—this is the staple of the entertainment offered by the "Comic" Opera. There is no thought back of the sound, but mental dissipation, noise, light, fun. We think that "Salome" is, in the main, very like the present-day opera, the same in kind, different only in the limit to which the principle, "Art for art's sake," is pushed. W. H. M.

Notes from the Colleges.

To-night Corby Hall plays South Bend High School in the Brownson Gymnasium. Come one, come all.

Fifty junior students at the University of Chicago have fallen under ban of faculties for deficiencies in scholarship. Five have been suspended indefinitely, seventeen refused readmittance because of poor work last quarter and twenty-eight are on probation.

The *Monthly Maroon*, Chicago's literary magazine, has discontinued publication, due to the fact that it was not fit to represent the university.

John D. again and this time 32,000,000 to the General Education Board with headquarters in New York. The aim of the board is "to devote its attention to the struggling smaller colleges of the south and middle west." Out of this Wabash received \$125,000.

Crew work has begun in earnest at Cornell. Columbia and Pennsylvania are complaining of lack of material, Wisconsin is jubilant, and Georgetown is better off than ever.

At Columbia the new rules say: "Athletes shall be excused from all recitations that come in conflict with approved games." They say the rules are far more stringent than ever, so this must not imply, "if your classes interfere with your athletics drop the classes," though it does look like it, doesn't it?

Illinois will bring the Milwaukee-American Association there this spring for practice.

In the Illinois-Chicago track meet the *Maroon* sporting editor picked the score 43-43 the day preceding the meet.

"Peaches" O'Neill, another star who learned his baseball at Notre Dame, has been engaged by DePauw as coach. The

Methodists ought to do something this year, at any rate, they've started right.

The *Student Life*, published by the Utah Agricultural College, complains that some of the stories it prints are too good to be the work of the students.

Moral and Ad.: Read the *Student Life*.

Milton S. Durham, DePauw, '52, has recently left that institution \$50,000.

Northwestern has gotten the library habit, and hence appointed periods have been introduced for deficient students.

P. M. M.

Athletic Notes.

Coach Draper has been working the track team hard this week in preparation for the meet Saturday with Michigan "Aggies," and a decided improvement has been made in the performance of the team.

Smithson and Scales are running the high and low hurdles in great form and both are going over the stick in fast time. In the 40-yard dash Smithson has proved beyond a doubt that he is easily the best in the squad, and one of the best, if not the best, that has been at Notre Dame in years.

Keefe has been running the half and quarter in the best form he has ever shown, and the "dopesters" are expecting Keefe to break the "Gym" record in the quarter Saturday. Graham has been doing the mile and two mile both in good time, and should win his event against the "Aggies."

Cripe and Keach in the 220-yard dash have been running close to 24 flat, and one of them will undoubtedly place in the coming meet.

Boyle in the pole vault has been doing close to ten feet, and remembering that he has divided his time between the track team and baseball squad his work has been most promising.

Kasper is still laid up with a lame back and may not be in shape for the coming meet.

Roach is another man who is dividing his time between baseball and track and is doing well in both.

The entrees for Saturday's meet are as follows:

40-yard dash—Small, Vaughan, Pearsall, M. A.; Smithson, Keach, Kasper, Roach, N. D.

40-yard high hurdles—McKenna, Small, Griffin, M. A.; Smithson, Scales, N. D.

40-yard low hurdles—Vaughan, Pearsall, M. A.; Smithson, Scales, N. D.

220-yard dash—Pearsall, Vaughan, Griffin, M. A.; Keach, Cripe, Keefe, Kasper, N. D.

440-yard dash—Allen, Bignell, Oveath, M. A.; Keefe, Schmidt, Cripe, Kasper, N. D.

880-yard run—McKenna, Allen, Bignell, M. A.; Graham, Cripe, Keefe, N. D.

1-mile run—Waite, Carr, M. A.; Miller, Graham, Washburn, O'Leary, Roth, N. D.

2-mile run—Waite, Carr, M. A.; Miller, Graham, Washburn, O'Leary, Roth, N. D.

Shot-put—Bourroughs, McKenna, M. A.; Woods, Berve, Sheehan, N. D.

Pole-vault—Gilbert, Gongerer, Small, M. A.; Bracken, Boyle, N. D.

R. B. jump—Small, Pearsall, Allen, M. A.; Scales, Smithson, Bracken, Boyle, N. D.

R. H. jump—Allen, Gongerer, M. A.; Smithson, Scales, McDonough, N. D.

Relay—Allen, Bignell, Vaughan, Pearsall, Small, Griffin, M. A.; Smithson, Keefe, Scales, Cripe, Keach, Graham, Roach, N. D.

Coach Cregir and Captain Waldorf are putting the baseball through some fast paces, and the team is commencing to shape up well. Boyle, Kuepping and Roach are doing good work among the new men in the infield, and Kennedy and McIntyre are both showing well on first base.

Brogan has not been able as yet to get into a suit, but little worry need be entertained about third base as Brogan is "there," and will be on hand when the "Umps" say "Play ball."

* *

The battery men are working hard and are commencing to unwind a little. Big Bill Perce has been in the Infirmary for the past week, but Perce comes in the same class with Brogan, and they will both be on hand when the time comes.

* *

Smithson has been out the past few days, but still suffers some after-effects from his sprained ankle. He is, however, gradually getting into shape and will most likely be in good condition by next Saturday.

* *

"Happy Lonergan," Law '04, and star half-back on the famous 1903 football team,

has been elected Captain of the Multnomah football team of Portland, Oregon. The Multnomah Athletic Club is the largest athletic club on the Pacific Coast, and the honor bestowed upon Lonergan speaks well for him both as a football player and a gentleman.

* *

"Long John" Scales has been stepping over the hurdles in grand style, and his work is a decided improvement upon last year's. He is developing into a dangerous opponent, for he has both speed and form.

* *

Jim Keefe is the same old Jim he always was. He goes out each day, dons that 2.02 suit we hear so much talk about, "walks right in" the entrance to the track, trots around, and "walks right out again." It's the way he does it that makes one feel good.

* *

Bob Kasper wrenched his back in practice Thursday morning and will most likely be laid up for some time. Bob has done some excellent work in the forty, and we hope to see him in a suit next Saturday.

* *

Graham, a middle-distance runner, has developed quite rapidly in the short time he has been out and can be counted upon to win some points for Notre Dame this year.

* *

Keach has run some trial 2.20's in good time and will most likely be the stronghold of the Varsity in that event this year. Keach is gritty, and that counts a great deal in track. He is not fast on the start, but when he is once started he moves some.

* *

Basket-Ball.—Saturday evening, February 9, '07, Brownson Gym.—Greatest game of the season for local championship. Escher's Pennsylvania Indians (the only team which lowered Mishawaka's colors this season) vs. Brownson Hall (which lost to Mishawaka 11-12). Admission, 5 cents; proceeds for benefit of chapel, San Jose Park.

* *

Wood and Berve are tossing the shot close to forty feet and should land two places in the coming meet. R. L. B.

The Social Whirl.

E. PERCIVAL SNOR.

With the world in sackcloth and ashes and every other day a fast day Lenten season comes in, and I find a total lack of news. I suppose, as far as distinctly local affairs will be concerned, the lid will be on tight. According to a grand old custom, young social lions are requested not to ask leave of absence between the hours of 8 p. m. and 12. This will give them more time to look into themselves and make the proper resolutions of penitent men. Then again they can be quite "true" to those at home, and being abstained from calling on the near burg will of course give more time to the other girl. It surely is true about the ill wind, and the girl at home will wish Lenten season struck Willie Corktip about twice every session. So much for Willie's outlook; it isn't set with primroses, and no doubt he'll get tired before the Easter Ball comes around.

What's this about Enriquez! It isn't possible that the oldest inhabitant is going to desert and this in his heyday of success. What will all the many, many capital G's in the city by the stream do, and what will the big hotel do, and what will the Law Department do, and what will Sorin do and the 10 o'clock choir—and, goodness! Henry, what will we all do? Retract, old man, and consider the sweethearts forsaken, the mothers disappointed and the homes wasted—but it's all too terrible to continue. Just a parting reminder, though, Henry, and a bit of Father Polonius' advice: I've heard the truth about that auto affair. You're a wise old boy and you're bound to get on; keep it up, but dark.

* *

I was speaking to "Os" Maguire the other day about this same Lenten season. Os thinks it a bully idea and says it does a man good. He says he always finds it a nice rest for him, and calls it his recuperating period. But there's the trouble of being too high strung and too quick a

stepper, and while no doubt it is a fine thing for Os, still to the more moderate man twenty days would be sufficient.

Shortly after I left Os I ran into Jamie Jordan. Jamie stood slightly on one foot and disturbed the ground with the other. After hesitating a moment—you know Jim is quite bashful—he asserted: "Yes, I believe Lent is a good thing, you know we eat altogether too much meat nowadays." Now what do you think of that—if the mind isn't a most miraculous system. The way some fellows can justify things in this world. I'm dreadfully afraid "Stormy" or Os or some one will go into ecstasies over the bard from Vandalia or Evanston's Conan Doyle.

* *

I rather admire J. Berteling. I like the way John likes to learn. Now for some awful long time he's been practising, and to some good advantage too, at expelling the liquor of the weed from his mouth in the veteran way; which is to be able to expectorate the product some eight or ten feet and let it hit the mark in a well-rounded and compacted form. John will learn though in time, and though he is still quite young he hasn't the ambition of a guerrie. If you have, John, tack an anchor on them, they won't do, yet awhile.

* *

If it wasn't a springer on Sprenger, (unintentional), there never was one. He was a very good sport though, and took it quite good-naturedly. But the laughable part of it is to think the poor devil walked up and down the "rec" room parading as though it were two a. m., and wondering if I were there to see him. I was and saw him draw the puff which pulled the spring, which threw Lantry into ecstasies and demonstrated clearly to Georgie that he was a great big one.

Joyce said if Lantry handed him a million he wouldn't take it. Lantry said he knew blamed well he wouldn't. Hand him a lemon, Joe, and watch him grab.

* *

The mails from the West are late at this time of the year—so Keefe says. His letter, due on Thursday sharp, has not yet arrived owing to the coolness—of the weather?

LAW DEPARTMENT.

MILLS V. CAMERON.

This case was tried at the last session of the Moot-Court. The attorneys were Messrs. P. M. Malloy and M. J. Diskin, assisted respectively by Messrs. Robert Bracken, John V. Diener, Rupert D. Donovan and Frank C. Walker. The facts being in controversy, as disclosed by the pleadings, the clerk, Mr. J. V. Cunningham, called a jury, comprising the following: Messrs. John F. Brogan, Benjamin L. Berve, E. P. Carville, Howard Davis, Max Jauraschek and Paul McGannon. All concerned in the trial were complimented by Judge Hoynes on the progress and improvement shown by their work. The addresses to the jury were exceptionally creditable, two or three of them not suffering by comparison with like work in the higher courts of this and other States.

The jury listened carefully to the testimony of witnesses, arguments of counsel and instructions of the court. A verdict of "not guilty" was rendered, it being held that the defendant was not answerable for acts of his servant outside the line of duty, and for the servant's own personal ends or purposes. The case is based upon that of *McManus v. Crickett*, 1 East, 106. It seems in that case that Crickett's servant, Brown, had a grudge or strong feeling of enmity against McManus, and gratified it by purposely and deliberately driving his master's team against a rickety old chaise in which McManus was riding, alone and unconscious of danger. The unfortunate man was pitched headlong to the ground and seriously injured. He sued the master, but the court held that the servant was acting solely for himself, and not for the master, in whipping up his horses and running deliberately into the plaintiff's rickety rig. His impulse wickedly led him at the time to disregard his duty to the master. He was not working for or in the interest of the master when he yielded to that unlawful impulse. For reasons to this effect that case was decided in favor of the defendant. The evidence in that case is, as to all essential features, virtually the same as that of the one particularly here under

consideration, and set forth below in the *Statement of Facts*:

Martin Mills, the plaintiff, brings suit against Charles Cameron, the defendant, claiming damages to the amount of \$1500 for injuries sustained under the circumstances here stated:

The plaintiff, a merchant, and the defendant, a retired capitalist, reside in South Bend, St. Joseph County, Indiana. The defendant has in his employ one David Driver, who serves in the double capacity of coachman and gardener. For some reason of his own the latter had a grudge against Mills, and eagerly sought for several weeks a chance to gratify it. His opportunity came on the 1st of January, 1906. Driving home his master's carriage about dusk in the evening, he was delighted to observe ahead of him his neighbor Mills, riding alone and unattended in the family buggy. Driver at once whipped up his horses and dashed headlong into the buggy, upsetting it in the street, and throwing Mills against the curbstone and sidewalk.

The plaintiff sustained serious injuries, including a broken leg and dislocated shoulder. His horse was so severely injured that it could not regain its feet, and a policeman killed it. The buggy was broken and splintered beyond repair. Mills was taken home in a hack. He was confined to his room and under medical treatment for a period of seven weeks. He then found it possible with the aid of crutches to leave the house and resume business. On inquiry he ascertained that Driver is an irresponsible fellow, to whom a suit would be but coveted notoriety and a judgment a joke. Knowing, however, that the fellow was engaged in Cameron's business at the time stated, being on the way home after having left several members of the family at Mr. Ole Verstud's, where they were to dine, he determined to look to the defendant for redress. Mills so informed him on the 29th of August and tendered an itemized bill for \$1500. The defendant refused to pay the same or any part of it, and hence this suit.

The verdict was in favor of the defendant, being "not guilty."

* *

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, of Chicago, will deliver an interesting and instructive address this evening in the Law Room. His subject, "The Lawyer in his Office," is novel and practical. It is not technical and appeals to students generally. It is hoped that there may be a full attendance. All are invited.

Personals.

—Harold Preston Fisher (C. E. '06) of Paducah, Ky., is now connected with the Pennsylvania railroad system, with headquarters in Chicago.

—The friends of Ed McDonald, of the chemistry class of '05, will be pleased to learn that Ed has taken a prominent position with the Sulphur Mine Co. of Sulphur, La.

—Word has been received from Matthew Campbell, of the engineering class of '04, that he has accepted a lucrative position in the laboratories of the Iron and Steel Works of Wheeling, West Virginia. Success to you, Matt.

—Patrick A. Beacom, who has been a student at Notre Dame for the past five years, has severed his connection with the University to take up a position in a chemical laboratory in Fort Wayne. "Pat" leaves behind him an enviable reputation as a good fellow. As a football player he has had few equals in the West. As a student he was a plugger. As a friend he was a good one. Success to you, Pat. "Eat 'em up!"

Obituary Notice.

The death of Mrs. Schillington comes as sad news to us, as the deceased had always been a warm friend and patron of the University. Both her sons, Harry and Charles, were students of Notre Dame in former years. The SCHOLASTIC, together with the Faculty, extends to the bereaved family its sincerest sympathy in this their hour of sorrow. The following is from the *Record-Herald*:

"Mrs. Isaac Schillington, mother of Midshipman Harry Schillington, one of the two Chicago boys killed in the explosion of the battle-ship Maine in Santiago Harbor, died Tuesday at her home, 216 Indiana Street. She was born in Chicago on the North Side in 1856 and was well known for her charitable works. She is survived by her husband, a son and three daughters. Funeral services will be held this morning at 9-30 o'clock at Holy Name Cathedral. Interment will be in Calvary." *R. I. P.*

Local Items.

—Found—A pearl-handle knife. Inquire at the bath-house.

—The bath-rooms in Sorin are undergoing complete repairs.

—Lost: A valentine that *used* to come! Return the same at any time now to Brother Leander, or to Room —, Sorin.

—Why didn't the Sorin Laureate make his annual shipment of primroses for Valentine's day? or has she been reading the SCHOLASTIC?

—The English classes are indebted to the Rev. Director of Studies for the special interest he has again shown them in contributing to the outfit of the Shakespearian and Nineteenth Century Libraries.

—If the output of energy displayed by the editor of the *Dome* during the past month is wisely directed—and we are sure of the efficiency of the managing board—great things may be looked for when the finished work of the '07 Class is brought to light. From the beginning the indefatigable Editor-in-Chief realized the importance of his office, but of late he wears the look of one who is grappling mightily with the hard actualities of his position. Cheer up, "Jimmie," only one month more!

—The Brownson Literary and Dabating Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, February 7, which was the most successful held this session. Mr. J. Ditton was admitted to membership and also gave a short address. Mr. P. Buson told how peppermint was raised and distilled, which was not only interesting but very instructive to his audience. The debate scheduled for the evening was well prepared, and the principals did ample justice to the subject: "Resolved, That, the Public Utilities should be owned and controlled by the Municipality." Messrs. J. Condon, R. Coffee and C. Rowlands upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. C. Murphy, F. Holleran and P. Depew contended that Municipal Ownership would not benefit the public. The judges, Messrs. P. Malloy, R. Bracken and F. Hanan, rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative. A program was announced for the next meeting which promises to be a very entertaining one. Mr. P. Malloy, of debating fame, spoke at length on debating and public speaking in general. He advocated unaffected delivery and originality. Mr. Hanan highly complimented Notre Dame on its success along the line of public speaking. Mr. R. Bracken gave a few remarks which were of great value to the society. Brother Alphonsus after a short talk recited the beautiful poem, "The Hardest Time of All." The meeting then adjourned.